Rocky Mountain Review

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Coming...

in the winter number

A SHORT PASSAGE OF FICTION
BY THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WRITER

Henry Miller

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MILLER
BY GILBERT NEIMAN OF BOULDER, COLORADO

Short Stories

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
BY KATHERINE SHATTUCK AND BLANCH CANNON

as well as the second in RMR's
"CITIES OF THE ROCKIES"

"Denver"

BY LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON

Branch Agricultural College

Cedar City, Utah

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Agriculture Forestry
Home Economics
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SALT LAKE

Renown
Chocolates

ARE ALWAYS
APPRECIATED

WHAT'S WORTH BREWING . . .
IS WORTH BREWING WELL !

Beckers

AMERICAN PILSENER

Comment

Three great stories recently published in **Rocky Mountain Review** will be reprinted soon in short story collections. Walter Van Tilburg Clark's story "The Buck in the Hills" will appear in the **O. Henry Memorial Award** volume edited by Herschel Brickell. Robert Lowry (who appears in this issue with another fine story) will have his "Layover in El Paso" reprinted in **New Directions,** the yearbook anthology edited and published by James Laughlin. Morton Fineman's "The Nice Guy" will appear in a British collection to be edited by Nicholas Moore.

Editors of RMR are gratified to acknowledge the receipt of an unusually large number of excellent short stories from the Rocky Mountain area recently. Christie Lund Coles of Salt Lake City is appearing in this issue. Katherine Shattuck of Denver will appear soon, as will Jarvis Thurston of Ogden, Utah, and Blanch Cannon of Salt Lake City. Gilbert Neiman of Boulder, Colorado, will also be represented in an early issue.

Paul Engle, Iowa poet and former editor of the University of Iowa's magazine, **American Prefaces,** has been granted a leave of absence and will report soon for oversea duty with the Office of War Information.

Bennett A. Cerf, president of Random House, writes: "I am very sorry I gave you the impression that I was attacking the so-called little magazines in my paragraph about Martha Foley's short story anthology. All that I meant to do in this squib was to express my extreme disapproval of her seemingly ignoring the big magazines entirely when she made up her collection."

Warren Beck, who has appeared frequently in RMR, made his appearance recently as a novelist. Mr. Beck's novel **Final Score** was published by Alfred A. Knopf and will be reviewed soon in these pages.

A fine first novel (**Out of These Roots** by Boris Todrin) has been recently issued by the Caxton Press of Caldwell, Idaho, reminding us of the

(Continued on Page 54)

1850 1944

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The Old Bird

By J. F. POWERS

UNEMPLOYED and elderly Mr. Newman sensed there were others just as anxious, some of them, as he was to be put on, even temporary. But he was the oldest person in the room. He approached the information girl, and for all his show of business, almost brusqueness, he radiated timidity. The man in front of him asked the girl a question, which was also Mr. Newman's.

'Are they doing any hiring today?'

The girl gave the man an application, a dead smile, and told him to take a seat after he had filled it out.

An answer in any event ready on her lips, she regarded Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman thought of reaching for an application and saying, 'Yes, I'll take a seat,' making a kind of joke out of the coincidence, the fellow before him looking for a job too, only he could see from the others who had already taken seats it was no coincidence. They all had that superior look of people out of work.

'Got an application there for a retired millionaire?' Mr. Newman said, attempting jauntiness. It would be easier for her that way to refuse him. Perhaps it was part of her job to weed out applicants clearly too old to be of any use to the company. Mr. Newman had a real horror of butting in where he wasn't wanted.

The girl laughed, making him feel a regular devil. 'Oh, you do, do you!' She handed Mr. Newman an application. The smile she gave him was alive and it hinted that things were already on a personal basis between him and her and the company.

'You'll find a pen at the desk,' she said.

Mr. Newman's bony old hand clawed at his coat pocket and unsnapped a large ancient fountain pen. 'I carry my own! See!' In shy triumph he held up the fountain pen, which was orange. He unscrewed it, put it together, and fingered it as though he were actually writing.

But the girl was doing her dead smile at the next one.

Mr. Newman went over to the desk. The application questioned him: Single? Married? Children of your own? Parents living? Living with parents? Salary (expect)? Salary (would take)? Mr. Newman made ready with his fountain pen and in the ensuing minutes he did not lie about his

age, his abilities, or past earnings. The salary he expected was modest. He was especially careful about making blots with his pen, which sometimes flowed too freely. He had noted before he started that the application was one of those which calls for the information to be printed. This he had done. Under 'DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE' he had not written.

Mr. Newman read the application over and got up to take it to the information girl. She pointed to a bench before he got to her. Hesitating for a moment, Mr. Newman seemed bent on giving it to her. He sat down. He got up. His face distraught, he walked unsteadily over to the girl. Before she could hear him, he started to stammer.

'I wonder . . . maybe it will make a difference,' he said, his voice both appealing for her mercy and saying it was out of the question, indeed he did not desire it, that she should take a personal interest in him. Then he got control, except for his eyes which, without really knowing it, were searching the girl's face for the live smile, like the first time.

'I used green ink,' he said limply.

'Let's see.' The girl took the application, gave both sides a darting scrutiny, looking for mistakes.

'Will it make any difference? If I could have another applciation I could—' Mr. Newman had his orange fountain pen out again, as though to match the green on its tip with the ink on the application and thus fully account for what had come about.

'Oh, no, I think that'll be all right,' the girl said, finally getting the idea. 'We're not that fussy.' Mr. Newman, however, still appeared worried. 'No, that's fine, and neat too,' the girl said. 'Mr. *Newman.*' She had spoken his name and there was her live smile. Mr. Newman blushed, then smiled a little himself. With perspiring fingers he put the fountain pen together and put it in his pocket.

The girl returned the application. Mr. Newman, lingering on, longed to confide in her, to tell her something of himself, why, for instance, he always used green ink; how famous and familiar a few years ago the initials *C. N.* in green had been at the old place. Like his friend Jack P. Ferguson (died a few years back, it was in the papers) and the telegram. 'Telegram' Ferguson, he was called, because he was always too busy to write. Green ink and telegrams, the heraldry of business, he wanted to tell her of the old days, the time he met Elbert Hubbard and Charley Schwab at a banquet.

Then on the other side of these dreams he saw a girl, busy being busy, who could never understand, and he steeled himself to give up hope.

'I thank you,' he said, going quickly back to his place on the bench to wait for an interview. He sat there re-reading his application. Under 'DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE' were some curious symbols. He guessed at their significance. Cln (Clean?); Dspn (Disposition?); Prsnlty (Personality, no doubt about that one); Pse (Poise?); FCW (?); Lyl (Loyal?); Psble Ldr (Possible Leader); NTC (-). His fingers were damp with

perspiration, and for fear he would present an untidy application, he laid it on his lap and held his hands open at his sides, letting them get cool and dry in case he had to shake hands with the interviewer.

When they were ready to see him, Mr. Newman hustled into a small glass office and stood before a young man. A sign with wooden letters indicated that he was Mr. Shanahan. Mr. Shanahan was reading a letter. Mr. Newman did not look directly at Mr. Shanahan: it was none of Mr. Newman's business, Mr. Shanahan's letter, and he did not want to seem curious or expectant of immediate attention. This was their busy season.

Mr. Shanahan, his eyes still reading the letter, noiselessly extended his hand toward Mr. Newman. A moment later he moved his head and it was then that Mr. Newman saw his hand. Panic rippled into Mr. Newman's face, agitating it like a pebble dropped into a pool. Mr. Shanahan must have been waiting and here he had been caught napping. A bad beginning. Mr. Newman hastened to shake Mr. Shanahan's hand. Ignominiously it occurred to him that Mr. Shanahan had only been reaching for the application. Mr. Newman fumbled for it.

'Here's my application,' he said.

'Ah, yes. Have a seat.' Mr. Shanahan rattled the application in one hand. 'What kind of work did you want to do?' He expected no answer, for he went on to say: 'I don't have to tell you, Mr. Newman, there's a labor shortage, especially in non-defense industries. That, and that alone, accounts for the few jobs we have to offer. We're an old-line house.'

'Yes,' Mr. Newman said.

'And there aren't any office jobs,' Mr. Shanahan continued. 'That's the kind of work you've always done?'

'Yes, it is,' Mr. Newman said. Mr. Shanahan sucked a tooth sadly. Mr. Newman was ready now for the part about the company letting him know later.

'How'd you like a temporary job in our shipping room?' Mr. Shanahan said, his eyes suddenly watchful.

For an instant Mr. Newman succeeded in making it plain that he, like any man of his business experience, was meant for better things. A moment later, in an interesting ceremony which took place in his heart, Mr. Newman surrendered up his well-loved white collar. He knew that Mr. Shanahan, with that dark vision peculiar to personnel men, had looked into his heart and witnessed the whole thing.

'Well . . .' he said.

Mr. Shanahan, the game bagged and bumping from his belt, spoke cordially now: 'How are you, pretty handy with rope?'

He said it in such a flattering way that Mr. Newman trembled under a wild desire to warrant his obviously great expectations. 'Yes, I am.'

'But can you begin right away?' It was the final test.

'Yes, I can!' Mr. Newman said, echoing some of Mr. Shanahan's spirit. 'You bet I can!' Mr. Newman felt unaccountably adventurous.

'Well, then follow me!'

Mr. Shanahan guided Mr. Newman through a maze of departments. On an elevator, going down, he revealed what the job paid to start. Mr. Newman nodded vigorously that one could not expect too much to start. Mr. Shanahan told him that he didn't have to tell him that they were a firm known far and wide for fair-dealing and that if (for any reason) Mr. Newman ever left them, it should be easy to get another position, and . . . Out of the elevator and in the vicinity of the shipping room Mr. Shanahan said he would like to make sure Mr. Newman understood the job was only temporary. After the Christmas holidays things were pretty slow in their line. Otherwise, they would be glad to avail themselves of his services the year round. However, the experience Mr. Newman would get here might very well prove invaluable to him in later life. Mr. Nwman nodded, less vigorously now.

They came to a long table, flat against a wall, extending for many feet. It was fitted out for packing: tough twine and hairy manila rope on giant spools, brown paper on rollers, sticking tape bearing the company's name, crest and slogan: 'A modern house over 100 years *young*.'

Several men were packing things here. Mr. Shanahan introduced Mr. Newman to one of them.

'This is your boss, Mr. Hurley. This is Mr. Charles Newman. Mr. Newman's pretty handy with rope. Ought to make an A-1 packer.'

'Well . . . 'Mr. Newman said, embarrassed before the regular packers.

He shook Mr. Hurley's hard hand.

'I sure hope so,' Mr. Hurley said grimly. 'This is our busy season.'

When Mr. Shanahan had gone, Mr. Hurley showed Mr. Newman where he could hang his coat. He told him what he would have to do and what he would be held responsible for. He cited the sad case of the shipment sent out last week to Fargo, North Dakota. The company had lost exactly double the amount of the whole sale, to say nothing of good will. Why? Faulty packing! He urged Mr. Newman to figure it out for himself. He told Mr. Newman that haste made waste, but that they were expected to get incoming orders out of the house on the same day. Not tomorrow. Not the next day. The same day. Finally Mr. Hurley again brought up the case of the shipment sent to Fargo, and seemed pleased with the reaction it got. For Mr. Newman frowned his forehead all out of shape, said tsk, tsk, and tolled his head back and forth like a sad old bell, as if to say, can such things be?

'All right, Newman, let's see what you can do!' Mr. Hurley slapped him on the shoulder like a football coach sending in a substitute. Mr. Newman, gritting his false teeth, tackled his first assignment for the company, a half-dozen sets of poker chips, a box of rag dolls, 5,000 small American flags and a boy's sled going to Waupaca, Wisconsin.

Mr. Newman perspired . . . lost his breath, caught it, tried to break a piece of twine with his bare hands, cut his nose on a piece of

wrapping paper, barked his shin on an iceskate, said a few curse words to himself . . . perspired.

'We go to lunch at twelve in this section,' Mr. Hurley told him in a whisper a few minutes before that time. 'If you want to wash up, go ahead now.'

But Mr. Newman waited until the whistle blew before he knocked off. He had, as he told Mr. Hurley, a shipment he wanted to get out. It was ten after twelve when he punched out.

There was no crowd at the time clock and he had a chance to look the thing over. He tried to summon up a great love, or at least a high respect, for all machinery; but all he felt with any intensity was the lone fact that he'd never had to punch a clock before. It had always been enough before that he live by one.

On his lunch hour he did not know where to go. The company had a place where you could eat your lunch, but Mr. Newman had neglected to bring one. Quite reasonably he had not anticipated getting a job and starting on it the same day. After the usual morning of looking around, he had expected to go home and eat a bite with Mrs. Newman.

He walked past a lunchstand twice before he could make certain, without actually staring in the window at the menu painted on the wall, that hamburgers were ten cents and coffee five. He entered the place, then, and ordered with assurance that he would not be letting himself in for more than he could afford. He did not have any money to spare. Would it be better, he wondered, to have pay day come soon and get paid for a few days' work, or could he hold out for a week or so and really have something when he did get paid? Leaving the lunchstand, he walked in the direction of the company, but roundabout so he would not get back too soon. Say about fifteen minutes to one. That would give him time to go to the washroom.

'Where did you eat your lunch?' Mr. Hurley asked him the first thing. 'I didn't see you in the lunchroom.'

'Oh, I ate out,' Mr. Newman said, gratified that he'd been missed until he saw that he had offended Mr. Hurley by eating out. 'I didn't bring my lunch today,' he explained. 'Didn't think I'd be working so soon.'

'Oh'—but Mr. Hurley was still wounded.

'I heard they let you eat your lunch in the building,' Mr. Newman said, giving Mr. Hurley a chance to be conversant.

Mr. Hurley broke down and told Mr. Newman precisely where the employees' lunchroom was, where it wasn't, how to get there from the shipping room, how not to. There were two ways to get there, he said, and he guessed, as for him, he never went the same way twice in a row.

'You know how it is,' Mr. Hurley laughed, tying it in with the mystery of life.

In the end Mr. Newman was laughing with Mr. Hurley, 'Well, I guess so,' and he seemed to know, like Mr. Hurley, how it is. Talking with Mr. Hurley gave Mr. Newman a feeling of rare warmth. It was a man-to-

man thing. He hoped there would be other lunch hours like this one. He went back to work at four minutes to one.

During the afternoon Mr. Newman worked up a dislike for the fat man next to him. He only lost it when they teamed up on a large shipment of toys. The fat man made some cynical remarks, like he was mad at the company. Mr. Newman knew this kind to be harmless as rivals; they were always too occupied with opposing the company. Mr. Newman thought the company would be better off with employees like himself. And then he was ashamed of himself, for at bottom he admired the fat man for his independence. Mr. Newman regretted that he was too old to be independent.

Towards the end of the day he was coming from getting a drink of water when he overheard Mr. Hurley talking with Mr. Shanahan.

'Yeah,' Mr. Hurley said, 'when you said the old bird was handy with rope I thought, boy, he's old enough to think about using some on himself. My God, Shanahan, if this keeps up we'll have to draft them from the old people's home.'

Mr. Newman, feeling indecently aged, unable to face them, went for another drink of water. He had to keep moving. When he returned to the shipping room they were all working and Mr. Shanahan was not there.

Just before quitting time, Mr. Hurley came over and congratulated him on his first day's work. He said he thought Mr. Newman would make out all right, and showed him an easier way to cut string. When he suggested that Mr. Newman wash up before the whistle blew, Mr. Newman did not have the faith to refuse. He could not look Mr. Hurley in the eye now and say something about wanting to finish up a shipment. Any extraordinary displays of industry on his part, he knew now, were useless. He was too old. All they could see when they looked at him was an old man. That was the only fact about him. He was an old bird.

'All right, Charley, see you in the morning,' Mr. Hurley said.

Mr. Newman slowly brought himself to realize he was 'Charley' to Mr. Hurley. He had never before been Charley to anyone on such short acquaintance. Probably he would be 'Old Charley' before long, which reminded him of the Christmas coming. Besides that ,there was no meaning in all this sweat and humiliation, but that was enough. He would stick it out.

Mr. Newman was once more impressed with the order and solemnity of the washroom. The strange dignity of the toilet booths, the resounding six-sided marble chips in the floor, the same as state houses, the plenitude of paper, the rude music of water coursing in defiance of gravity, fat washbowls, all resplendent and perfect of their kind, towels, white like winding sheets, circulating sanitarily without end.

Mr. Newman, become young here, luxuriated. He was, however, sensible about it. It was a big company and could no doubt stand a lot of wasting of towels and toilet paper, but Mr. Newman ,wanting to be fair, took only what he barely needed of everything. He would not knowingly

abuse a privilege. He read a notice concerning a hospitalization service the company offered permanent employees in good standing. The sensibilities of such a plan appealed strongly to Mr. Newman. He thought he would have to look into that, completely forgetting, as he stood amid the comforts of the washroom, that he was only on temporary.

At the sound of the quitting whistle Mr. Newman hurried out and took his place in the line of employees at the time clock. When his turn came to punch out, clutching his time card, he was shaking all over. The clock would jam, or stamp the time in the wrong place, or at the last moment, losing confidence in the way he was holding the card, after all his planning, he would somehow stick it in the wrong way. Then there would be shouts from the end of the line, and everybody would know it was all on account of an old man trying to punch out.

Mr. Newman's heart stopped beating, his body followed a preconceived plan from memory in the lapse, and then his heart started up again. Mr. Newman, a new friend to the machine, had punched out smoothly. One of the mass of company employees heading for home, Mr. Newman, his old body both tired and tingling walked so briskly he passed any number of younger people in the corridors. His mood was unfamiliar to him, one of achievement and crazy gaiety. He recognized the information girl ahead of him, passed her up and said over his shoulder:

'Well, good night!'

She smiled in immediate reflex, but it was sobering to Mr. Newman, though she did say good night, that she did not seem to remember him very well, for it had not been the live smile.

At the outside door it was snowing. Mr. Newman bought a newspaper and let the man keep the two cents change. He meant to revive an old tradition with him by reading the paper on the streetcar. There was enough snow on the sidewalk to ease his swollen feet.

It was too crowded on the streetcar to open his paper and he had to stand all the way. His eyes on a placard, he considered the case of a man from Minneapolis who had got welcome relief. Hanging there on a strap, rocking with the elemental motion of the streetcar, he felt utterly weary, a grey old thing. What mattered above all else, though, getting a job, he had accomplished. This he told himself over and over until it became as real as his fatigue and mingled itself with tortured noise of the streetcar.

His wife met him at the door. One glimpse of his face, he thought, was all she needed and she would know how to treat him tonight. Already she knew something was up and had seen the scratch on his nose. She only said:

'You stayed downtown all day, Charley.'

'Yes, I did,' he said.

She went to hang up his coat, hat and scarf. He stepped across the familiar rug to the radiator. He stood there warming his hands and listening to her moving things in the kitchen. He could not bring himself to go

there, as he did on any other night before supper——to talk of nothing important or particular, to let the water run till it got cold, to fill their glasses. He had too much to tell her tonight.

'Come on now, Charley.'

He took a few steps, hesitated a second, and went straight into the kitchen. He was immediately, as he knew he would be, uneasy. He could think of nothing insignificant enough to say. His eyes were not meeting hers. The glasses were filled with water. Suddenly he had to look at her. She smiled. It was hard to bear. He *did* have news. But now, he felt, she expected too much.

He bit his lips in irritation and snapped: 'Why didn't you let me get the water?' That was beside the point, of course, but it gave him leeway to sit down at the table. He made a project of it. Trying to extend the note of normalcy, he passed things to her. He involved her subtly in passing them back. He wanted her to feel there was a time and place for everything and now it was for passing. He invented an unprecedented interest in their silverware. Knives, forks and spoons absorbed him.

'Where did we get this spoon?' he asked crossly.

It was wasted, all wasted. She had revamped her strategy. She appeared amused, and there was about her a determination deeper than his to wait forever. Her being so amused was what struck him as insupportable. He had a dismaying conviction that this was the truest condition of their married life. It ran, more or less, but always present, right through everything they did. She was the audience, that was something like it, and he was always on stage, the actor who was never taken quite seriously by his audience, no matter how heroic the role. The bad actor and his faithful but not foolish audience. Always! Like now! It was not a hopeless situation, but only because she loved him.

She *did* love him. Overcome by the idea, he abandoned his silence. He heard himself telling her everything. Not exactly as it was, naturally, but still everything. Not at first about his being handy with rope, nothing about being 'Charley' and an old bird, but quite frankly that he was working in the shipping room instead of the office. About Mr. Shanahan, how nice he was in a way, the interviewer. About the information girl who seemed to take quite a interest in him and who, to his surprise, had said good night to him. Mr. Hurley, his department head, and how to get to the employee's lunchroom. The washroom, plenty of soap and towels, a dazzling place——clean as her kitchen, she should see it. Where he had lunch, not much of a place. The fat fellow next to him at the table, not exactly loyal to the company, but a very likeable chap . . . and here——he dug into his shirt pocket——was a piece of their sticking tape, as she could see, with their name and trademark and:

'A modern house,' she read, 'over 100 years young——*young!*——well, that's pretty clever.'

'Oh, they're an old-line firm," Mr. Newman said.

'I'll have to pack you a lunch then, Charley,' she said. She had

finally got into the adventure with him.

'I bought a paper tonight,' he said. 'It's in the other room.'

With a little excited movement she parted the organdy curtain at the window. 'My, Charley, just look at that!' Immaculate snowflakes tumbled in feathery confusion past the yellow light burning in the court, wonderfully white against the night, smothering the whole dirty roaring guilty city in innocence and silence and beauty.

Mr. Newman squirmed warm inside at the thought of everything he could think of—the snow falling, the glow in the kitchen, landing the job, Christmas coming, her . . .

Their supper got cold.

She let the curtain fall together, breathing, 'My!'

Reluctantly Mr. Newman assumed the duty he had as husband and only provider not to be swept away by daydreams and snowflakes. He said with the stern wisdom of his generation:

'Keeps up much longer it'll tie up transportation.'

'But do you like that kind of work, Charley?'

He assured her most earnestly that he did, knowing she knew he'd do anything to get into an office again. He caught himself on the verge of telling her that working in the shipping room was just the way the company, since it was so old and reliable, groomed its new employees for service in the office. But that sounded too steep and ultimately disastrous. He confessed it was only temporary work. This pained her, he could see, and he tried to get her mind on something else.

'I'll bet you had no idea your husband was so handy with rope.'

He told her how it came on big spools, like telegraph wire comes on. But she did not think this important.

'The people,' he said, 'the ones I've met at least, well, they all seem very nice.'

'Then maybe they'll keep you after Christmas, Charley!'

He looked sharply at her and could tell she was sorry she said that. She understood what must follow. He opened his mouth to speak, said nothing, and then, closing his eyes to all he knew to be true, he said:

'Yes. You know, I think they will. I'm sure of it.'

He coughed. That was not the way it was at all. It had happened again. He was the bad actor again. His only audience smiled and loved him.

Three Poems

THE BEAST

The head is covered with hair
The lolling mane of the brain
The beast with the air of an heir
Lives in a cage of pain

The beast puts on for shoes
Pavements that make its step
Thunderous with the news
Of heights within the depth

It carries a pair of eyes
That fuses the world where it looks
And geared to affirm the lies
All things nod yes from their nooks

I wears a pair of hands
Draped in mittens of cloud
Doubt is the pearl in its glands
As it beats the bushes for god

Invisible arrows attack
From within as in radium
The beast quivers on its back
Calling for kingdom come

The air a hall of mirrors
Is multiplying an elf
Into a race of horrors
The beast peoples itself

Language foams at its mouth
From a well deeper than time
To fall like toads in the myth
In torrents of jewels and slime

It strokes a mate the machine
A female whose pores are numbers
And sleep with the golden mean
They feed on hidden hungers

It moves in nature with a list
For heavy within its case
The brain is a knuckled fist
In the face of retreating space

The heavens came forth with a cry
When the beast was least at its birth
And the stars go out in the sky
When it vanishes into the earth

THE SMILE

I am haunted by the face of the Mater,
The Mona Lisa smile of the heavens,
Dimpling in the corners of the lips with the sun
And the moon, the curve of all cradles between,
With the teeth in hiding, dark and waiting,
Savage, white wolves in the black air,
The face steps back in time, dancing.

Focused at the shuddering lifetime
The picture bounces like a great balloon
On the pearly grasses of morning
And the trees walk through the bubble of space
Dancing, their skirts above their heads,
With sounds escaping from the inner mind,
Bird-bodies of gleam, airbubbles gurgling up.
The portrait smiles through the shimmering heat,
A rending is heard in the early frame,
The house is telescoped through its largest window,
The house that was full of doors, the walls were
Glass, the glass curved, everything dances,
Pictures on the scarf waving in the bull's eye,
The goaded fury raises the slow dust of sleep.
I am haunted by the curve of the smile
That slipped out of the gilt frame holding
The sun for a nightlight, as the bubble
Turns over its gold corpse, marine,
And all the fish duelling forever beneath time,
Scarves in shreds, rainbows in beds,
There are secret lights on the horns of the dilemma.

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT

Thinking in the midnight of my dread and need,
The room like a birdcage around my head
And far off the war breathing its hills of steel
In tidal waves beneath imagination's small bird,
Sitting here alone I ask, who is a friend, who?

No matter how I turn or where, the walls spin,
The world bobs, a birdcage in a strong wind,
The airshaft on the roof creaks, the cold leans
Its furry invisibles into the room, and I behold
That horrifying breach that is society's face——

Society's face eaten into by the greedy self,
The vitriol urge to power thrown straight
At that face terraced like lions in nature,
And the smoke of that burning so thick it hangs
In history inert, cyclonic pillars of the heart.

Black, black is the smoke soaring from that face,
Black is that face, abyss that ate the small bird;
The light in my room, foiled, blackens at the walls,
And Compassion, with its lifetime amputated, crawls
A hair's-breadth, horror is fungus to the moment.

Who is not faced at last by the composite monster
Whose voice gloved in the distant fiat of fate
Orders extinguished the last drop of pity,
The hope thrown to the insatiable and salutary evil,
Obeisance of all sense to the mammoth interval?

Here is a horror that beggars the big war
And who shall one turn to in this dreaded time?
Oh, in a world so full of so many people, fine
Faces, hearts royal with blood, and children ir-
Revocably themselves, in a towering world where

Winds wash out the past in skiesful as soon as
It writes itself on the mind, why is it so hard,
So hard, hard, to run to all of the people at once,
To cry to them, to say, here am I, here I am,
I belong to you, I am one of the human race?

OSCAR WILLIAMS

The Steinbeck Temperament

By LEO AND MIRIAM GURKO

WITH the appearance of *The Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck emerged from the chrysalis of a talented but somewhat localized writer from California to a colossus of the age worthy almost of immortalization in a Modern Library Giant. A vigorous by-product of this emergence was a sudden accumulation of public interest in his earlier books. The exquisite small perfection of *Of Mice and Men* found swift exploitation on the legitimate stage. *Tortilla Flat* became overnight a whimsical epic, ripened for a Hollywood kill, and *In Dubious Battle* expanded phenomenally into what one critic called "the best strike novel of our time." Even the early *The Pastures of Heaven* received some side-door accolades, and there was enough left in the backwash to deposit a few fragrant posies upon the tired adolescence of Steinbeck's first novel, *Cup of Gold*.

The thematic progression in the novels follows in sequence the themes absorbing the American public during the past fifteen years. At the end of the Nineteen Twenties, literary bohemianism was the prevailing fashion, a fashion that for obvious reasons reached its climax some two or three years after the debacle of 1929. This was the period of Steinbeck's early books and found its most significant expression in the saga of the paisanos of *Tortilla Flat*, who glorified a bohemian existence that eschewed property and held jobs in derisive contempt. Bohemianism survived until the novelty wore off and the economic situation of the country broke into its ivory towers. Then it vanished overnight, with breathless, eye-rubbing rapidity. The author of *Cup of Gold* and *Tortilla Flat* had been a whimsical romanticist, but the creator of the Joads and the Salinas fruit-strikers had become a confirmed and uncompromising revolutionary in the economic if not in the political, sense.

Of all the causes that took the cause of literary escapism the problem of labor was surely the most widely publicized, labor as an underprivileged group striking for a more privileged life. The enormous public interest in the novels of the late Nineteen Thirties, *In Dubious Battle*, *Of Mice and Men*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*, reveals how strongly Steinbeck, consciously or not, has kept his finger on the American pulse, how strongly his temperamental flow has merged with the temperamental flow of the

people. In this merger of the writer and his audience, the tide of the literary art reaches its absolute flood, an event so rare that it occurs hardly once in a generation.

The early novels, with their air of romantic bohemianism, made their appearance quietly enough. *Cup of Gold*, a mannered and aestheticized study of Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, was followed by *To A God Unknown*, with its equally mannered portrait of Joseph Wayne, who espoused a mystical cult of blood and soil, of primitive gods rooted in an avenging earth. The first novel was devoted to the romantic notion that worldly success was hollow, the second to the equally frustrate belief that a return to the soil was equivalent to psychic suicide. Attuned as were both to the 1929-32 era, they were too imitative to emerge from the mass of similar literature that glutted the markets at the time.

Nor did the short stories of that artfully titled collection *The Pastures of Heaven* do more than reveal Steinbeck's chronic interest in half-wits and adult children living in a fool's paradise of their own imagining, an interest later to flower in the portraits of Lennie, the Pirate, Noah Joad, and Johnny Bear. They contained no hint of the problems and struggles of the underprivileged. The people are poor enough, but as Steinbeck's paisanos are poor, amiably and cheerfully. Indeed, the idyllic climax of this whole early period comes to a head in *Tortilla Flat*, where poverty as the center of a whimsical millenium is given its final tender definition.

Steinbeck's attitude toward poverty swings from one extreme to another. It seems astonishing that in one book he treats the poor as gay, carefree children of Nature, and in another as potential revolutionaries angry at the injustice and oppression grinding them down. No one doubts that the poor are manifest in both aspects, but we have come to expect the skillful writer to reflect both in the portrait of his characters. Steinbeck keeps them mutually exclusive. No treatment of the inflammable subject of poverty could be more calculated to guarantee a writer the widest possible audience; for if Steinbeck is moved to treat the underprivileged in opposite ways because of the vagaries of his temperament, his readers are moved to applaud one way or its opposite according to their respective convictions. That *The Grapes of Wrath* should have had a much more explosive effect than *Tortilla Flat* was due as much to the cumulative burdens of the depression as to the greater literary merits of one novel over another. If it were possible to treat the advent of depression poverty as a sort of Rousseauistic idyll in the early Nineteen Thirties, it was no longer possible to do so in the later years of the decade. Steinbeck moved with the times: his attitudes changed with those of the American people.

II.

They changed with sudden violence. One year after the appearance of *Tortilla Flat*, Steinbeck was knee-deep in the strikes and turmoil of

In Dubious Battle. Within three years he was anatomizing the pathetic agony of *Of Mice and Men*, and preparing the way for the crescendo of conflict in *The Grapes of Wrath.*

In the wider social sense, these three books mark the first serious appearance in American fiction of what have traditionally been known as the lower classes. They first emerged as distinct entities at the turn of the century in Europe in the novels of Zola and Gorki. Though they were the heroes of Upton Sinclair's book before the first World War, they were so chained to Sinclair's theses as to be mere cardboard abstractions. So. they remained, more or less, in the works of lesser writers until the maturation of Steinbeck, where for the first time they were clothed in the armor of full-bodid human beings. Casey and Grandpa Joad, London, Mac, George, and Candy are credible not merely because their essential natures are comprehended and thrust forward, but because they are drenched in local color and fissured with provincial nuance. They are at once specimens of the submerged population and individuals soaked in regional peculiarities. Their major peculiarity is the fact that they are ineradicably American; in speech, customs, psyche, they are inconceivable apart from the American scene.

The brutal story of the fruit-pickers and their strike contains no whimsicality or soft philosophizing. There is no aroma of Tortilla Flat about Mac and Jim, the two strike organizers, whose motives and personalities are explored in depth, yet without sentimentality. Though Steinbeck is to be entirely on the side of the Joads in his next specific attack upon injustice, he is by no means so wholly ranged on the side of the workers here. He is critical of certain aspects of their policy, is careful to dwell upon the brittleness and hesitation of the fruit-pickers at decisive moments, and suggests in his title that the battle in which they are engaged is a dubious one.

Though acutely aware of his characters' frailties, Steinbeck is affectionately disposed toward them. If there is any sustained link between his books, any transition from one temperamental state to another, it is this affection. He loves his personages with a tender and abiding love. He loves the half-wits like the Pirate of *Tortilla Flat;* he loves the Communists of *In Dubious Battle*, Colonel Lanser and Lieutenant Tonder among the German invaders of *The Moon Is Down.* What arouses his anger is never people, only the conditions under which they are forced to live. It is his view of there is a steadfast and unwavering compassion for human beings, sometimes misplaced perhaps, but always unreserved.

Compassion, in the widest and subtlest sense, reaches the flood in *The Grapes of Wrath*, one of the most profoundly moving and important books of the interval between the two World Wars. Historically, the novel has elements of Zola with his perpetual appeals to the conscience of his country, and of Godwin who, like Steinbeck here, peppered his plots with essays predicting and apostrophizing revolution. The heart of the novel, these conditions that changes through the Thirties, but beneath the change

however, is some considerable distance removed from the problems and travails of the sharecroppers as an economic group and very far removed from the author's extraneous essays. It is rooted in the Joads as a family and as human beings embroiled in the struggle for existence. Their struggle is no more important than themselves, and so Steinbeck, for all his invasions of sociology and politics, regards them. With few exceptions, they emerge impressively luminous and convincing, treated with all the ingredients of pity and terror that Aristotle prescribed long ago. They demonstrate Steinbeck's astonishing capacity for describing people who have come within the range of his senses. Whenever he is driven to rely on his imagination, his portraits blur. He was compelled to imagine Sir Henry Morgan, Nazi invaders and European villagers. These are, as a consequence, his least convincing figures, the stories in which they appeared his least convincing stories. If the Joads represent his psychological masterpiece, it is because he has seen them at closest range.

What is true on the large canvas of *The Grapes of Wrath* is equally true on the small canvas of *Of Mice and Men*. If behind the Joads there loom all the Okies, behind George and Lennie are etched all the itinerant ranch laborers who long for their spot of land and all the security rooted therein. With his usual acute sympathies, Steinbeck has taken hold of their most inwoven impulses and dreams, bringing these lonely itinerant souls to vivid life. The mode of the novelette is tender, the story a kind of early Christian parable shot through with love of mankind, an enormous development over the knotted and juvenile tenderness of *Cup of Gold*, and over the whimsical, at times cloying love of *Tortilla Flat*.

That Steinbeck was aware of the great peril of its sentiment draining into sentimentality is manifest in the clipped, disciplined severity of his technique. The characters make brief appearances, are described in bare temperate language and speak in a like idiom. The style throughout is lean and intensely underaccented, as though the craftsman were aware of the potential flabbiness and softness of his theme and sought to hold these sentimental attributes in check by every means at his disposal. This whole "inholding" process has a terrific fascination to the observer, standing on the sidelines watching this struggle between the contrary movements of subject and style. That the performance is a *tour de force*, a successful piece of virtuosity, is true enough, and in this sense Steinbeck has learned much from the tales of Poe. But Steinbeck's tale, unlike those of Poe, has human content, which thereby rescues it with one bound from mere virtuosity. One of the principal figures, to be sure, is a half-wit, and it has been argued that the human content of a story dealing with an idot is greatly circumscribed in interest and value. Apart from Dostoievsky's superb refutation of this in his study of Prince Ippolit in *The Idiot*, Steinbeck's Lennie is alive not because his idiocies are clearly analyzed, but because of those qualities which, though in an enfeebled frame, bind him to the normal world: his day-dreaming, his need for friendship, his passion for beauty, the loyalty and essential amiability of his nature. These are the

traits that magnetize his relationship to George and through George to us.

In structure, *Of Mice and Men* is notably superior to *The Grapes of Wrath*, to which in most other ways it stands as a yacht to a battleship. It has none of the distressingly nervous and irrelevant essays on the revolution to come, none of the exaggerated symbolism, of the longer work. It is in the main one of the finest short novels in our literature.

III.

How precise of its kind it is can be best measured when one compares it with that other, more recent short novel by Steinbeck, *The Moon Is Down*, also written seemingly with one eye on the theatre, also subscribing to the rather rigid discipline of the novelette. It too is saturated with human love, and filled with as much pity for the Nazi conquerors as for the villagers they enslave. But the story rests upon two cardinal errors, and in the end founders upon them. The first is political: for the most part, the German officers, from the ranking colonel to the lowliest lieutenant, are not members of the Nazi party or spokesmen for the Nazi creed, an astonishing oversight on Hitler's part, and one that appears able to exist, alas, only in the pages of fiction. The other error is psychological: in his eagerness to prove the thesis that the conquered will shatter the nerves of the conquerors, Steinbeck has made his Germans peculiarly corroded with doubts, fears, and nerves. The Colonel from the outset is convinced that his side will lose, and infects his comrades. The invaders contribute as much to their own destruction as do their victims. All this is a very heartening theory on paper, but it is not psychologically credible. Some of the invaders must surely in actuality be tough, hard men, not easily susceptible to nerves, not likely to crack under the pressure of moral resistance. To make virtually all of them disintegrate is to impose a species of wishful thinking upon the inelastic substance of reality. More than that, it grounds the story upon fallacious premises, and forces Steinbeck's humanitarianism for the first time into a cul-de-sac, where it squanders itself in misguided ways upon misguided objects.

But for all its shortcomings *The Moon Is Down* has the timeliness of the other Steinbeck books strung back for a decade. The relations between the Nazis and the peoples of the occupied countries remain of feverish interest to the whole world and will no doubt continue to boil until long after the end of the war. Steinbeck could not have chosen a theme closer to the realities of the day, or have indicated more conclusively his nearness to the curiosities of his audience. This parable, weaknesses and all, of the futility of conquest reveals how far Steinbeck and the country at large have moved from the particular escapist shelters of the early Thirties, shelters wrecked for this generation by the pulverizing blows of the depression and the Nazis. Though it will not bear comparison with *Of Mice and Men* as a manifestation of the art of the short novel, *The Moon Is Down* suggests dramatically the external characteristics of Steinbeck's tempera-

ment: his almost sensory awareness of the times, his acute perception of how the novel can siphon and sublimate the movements of the age.

There is then every reason to believe that the themes he will select in the future will have the same mass roots, that he will develop them with the same perceptive feeling for the human beings involved, that his style will retain its rhetorical simplicity and his heart its ineradicable tenderness. One thing above all seems assured, at least as much as speculation can be assured. His moods will remain as unpredictable as ever. He may rage at his villains in high anger as in *The Grapes of Wrath* or coo at them as in *The Moon Is Down.* He may be harsh as in *In Dubious Battle* or soft as in *Tortilla Flat.* From these various facets of his incandescent talent, he seems likely to leave as strong a mark upon the social consciousness and literary history of the Nineteen Forties as he has already done in the Nineteen Thirties. To await his future, thus seen in perspective, looms as one of the very considerable pleasures of the critical reader of our time.

Trial

There was no judge,
Only a well-kept hand on the door.
Heard was the sharp heel on the sagging porch,
Sixteen cylinders leaving the broken fence.

No jury saw the worn chair,
Fingered the curling bills,
Nor sifted the dry and worthless soil.

Only a continent saw springs,
Bedding tied on a running board,
Winced somewhat at a malnourished child
Waiting for tomorrow's hunger.

BARBARA ALLEN

Recognition

A man may know himself
And though the mother knows
(Or would have known)
A man has need to be more than a son—
He must be seen,
There must be sign,
Although the circle is but small
And all the Brothers are but one.

BARBARA STOCKTON

Victory Girl

By CHRISTIE LUND COLES

SUSAN Smith looked through the smoky, soiled window and could see Spring greening the trees and the narrow piece of grass between the side-walk and the curb. The edges of the grass had long-since been stomped out by careless feet and there was only black mud there now, mud left by the dirty snow that had been so long in melting here on the East side of the dingy street.

Pulling her printed house-coat tighter about her roundly curved young body, she curled up with her feet under her to look at the evening paper and eat a five-cent candy bar.

She wasn't interested in anything but the funnies and the Society page. And she didn't know why she kept reading that. No one she knew was ever mentioned in it. Nobody in this neighborhood rated a picture in it but someday, hers would be here.

She looked into the faces before her, smiling, serious, happy faces. Then, picking up a cracked hand-mirror from the radio table beside her, she studied her own face . . . small, round, with a softly curved chin, indented by a deep dimple; eyes the color of amber beer, large with heavy lids that dropped just a little; hair, that should have been red but had become instead a sort of rusty blonde.

Putting the mirror down, she slipped her house-coat from her shoulder, felt the smoothness and the softness of it. She cupped her hand over her firm, high breast. It was like a fully ripened fruit, soft and warm. Ma said she had one of the most beautiful figures she'd ever seen on a girl. Pa had probably noticed too for if he ever shook her or beat her, he managed to pull her dress from her shoulder and look at her in a way he looked at Ma sometimes.

Suddenly, she shuddered and covered her shoulder. The sun had gone down behind the old brewery across the street and she felt alone . . . and frightened. Ma was working grave-yard shift tonight, Pa would work until eleven. Most likely he would come home lit up like a Christmas tree. She didn't like him when he was drunk. She didn't like him much anytime, nor Ma either, though she would have fought like a wild-cat if anyone else said anything about them.

She picked up the large, red purse on the couch beside her, tried to open it and found that the zipper stuck, jerked it open then counted her money. She had eighty-five cents. She could go up-town and eat. The other kids had gone to the Coconut Grove. Pa wouldn't let her go, said it was indecent. He swore he'd make her good if he had to beat her hide off. Once, he had caught her in the doorway downstairs, kissing a boy good-night and had dragged her up with him. When he had finished pushing her around she'd quit her bawling and known for the first time that she wasn't really scared of him, not of his beating anyway. She had cried, "You . . Cow . . How'd you expect me to be so damn perfect, with you and Ma smokin' and drinkin' all the time. Lousin' around."

He had started to lunge at her but when she didn't move, didn't even scream, he stumbled to a chair and sat with his head in his hands, mumbling, "To think that my own kid would talk to me like that. My own kid. Just because I don't want any guys pawing you over, 'cause I want you to be a good girl."

"Don't you never worry about me. I can take care of myself." She told him evenly, hardly.

And she could, she assured herself now as she brushed out the pin curls across her forehead and around the back, as she let her hair fall riotous and long about her shoulders. She had known what it was all about since she was eight or nine. Kids around the tracks here whose folks were too busy working in the day and taking in beer parlors at night, didn't need a book on flowers and birds and stuff. You bet she could take care of herself. The boys called her 'toughie' but it wasn't because she was putting out anything except a good right fist and a knee that knew when to come up in the stomach.

Rose and Kay were really tough. She knew that. Not for her. She wanted a husband, a decent guy that talked to her like men talked to girls in the movies. Like Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor.

And yet, Kay said two different soldiers had asked her to marry them. One had even given her a cheap ring. She said they were nice kids, just lonesome and sick for loving. Maybe marrying one of them would be a way out. She was sick of this place, sick of the smell of fried meat, coffee.

Smoothing the last bit of lipstick to form the fashionable line of a full, sophisticated mouth, she turned from the mirror and pulled her tan reversible over her sloppy jo sweater. Then she went down the dusty stairs set straight up and down between the store building on the main floor and their rooms above. She noticed again the peeling brown paper, the rat holes under the steps.

She blinked against the lights and the screen of smoke as she walked into Walgreen's corner store. Then she walked to the back, picked up her tray and stood in line before the food on display in glass cages or on the counter. She was half-starved but she would have to go easy. Ma and Pa would have their usual Saturday night fight over money and it would end up by her not getting any from either of them. She had thought

when Ma started working at the Arms Plant that they would have more money for things—decent things—but it all went in the usual places and the quarrels persisted.

A salad . . . No. The meat balls and spaghetti looked good. And a hot roll. Thirty-five cents. She'd have enough to go see Betty Grable tomorrow and by Monday one of her folks would relent and hand her a dollar.

Several soldiers had looked at her, an unspoken question in their eyes but she wasn't sure she wanted to pick up one. And she wanted a good-looking one, a decent-looking one if she did. One that looked like he might at least be susceptible to marriage.

She slipped her coat from her shoulders and was conscious of her breasts beneath the blue sweater. She should lean on her arm and throw her chest forward for the prize effect, like the two kids at another table who already had a couple of men on the make. But somehow, just looking at them gave her an embarrased feeling in the middle of her body. Maybe she was too young. She was fourteen but she had some sense. She could see that that one 2nd Louie was a no-good . . . blood-shot eyes, a leer on his face.

She was so busy watching them that she didn't notice the tall soldier at her table who was saying, "Do you mind if I sit here?"

The very sound of his voice was like something out of her dreams, smooth, kind, polite. Polite . . . gosh. How she wished she could just once be around people who didn't yell at each other, didn't swear.

"I don't mind, go ahead," she told him, caught with a piece of roll in her mouth.

He sat down and began to eat. She was prepared for him to start talk and when he didn't at first she was surprised into answering too quickly when he finally said, "Quite a town, this."

She nodded, "I guess so. Where did you come from?"

"San Francisco."

"Gee, what's it like?" She had no idea what kind of town any town was. She had lived here ever since she was three when her folks had moved from Ely.

He was lighting a cigarette with a gold lighter. He snapped it shut, puffed for a moment on his cigarette—and she thought how different he looked than Pa and Ma did when they smoked. She couldn't imagine his cigarettte hanging wet and stubby from the corner of his mouth. He held it in long, strong fingers, with finger nails clean and cared for. His eyes stared into space and he leaned his head back on the red-leather seat.

"What's San Francisco like?" he repeated, "Why, she's like a sweetheart—beautiful and gracious and exciting. But you have to come to love her gradually . . ."

Susan stared at him. She was enchanted by the way he spoke and by his words, they were beautiful to her . . . beautiful and satisfying as

a drink of water when she was thirsty beyond endurance.

Still enchanted, she watched him lay his cigarette on the tray, not half-smoked, rub it out and go on with his eating.

She started to speak but as she did so the slightly-soiled yellow ribbon in her hair slipped to her shoulder and she grabbed for it quickly for fear it should go to the table and he should notice its frayed edges and the soil on it. Pinning it back in place, she said quickly, "I'd like to see San Francisco. I like the sound of it."

He laughed shortly, "Maybe you will someday. What do people do here on Saturday night? This is my first leave . . . I've twenty-four hours to kill."

She hesitated a moment before she said, "Oh, there's shows and there's the Playdium. There are several dance halls. Som go dancing at the Utah Hotel."

"They do. That's where I'm stopping."

She had never been inside the imposing white hotel that stood at the head of main street. But she had read of some of the famous orchestras that played there and she had seen pictures of the roof garden. But it was always like something out of a dream. Something that might be in Europe . . . or San Francisco.

"Well, what's stopping us?" he asked her, pushing his plate aside with half the food on it still un-eaten.

"You mean to the Utah Hotel?" Her words stumbled in their incredulity, the blood flooded her face. Then she glanced down at the blue sweater and the deeper blue skirt, tried to speak again but he spoke for her, "Oh, you look all right. Girls wear sweaters anyplace. You've a sweet little figure for one."

He smiled, a sort of tired smile but she didn't feel that he was being fresh so she ignored it, saying, "Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Not if you can dance."

She laughed gaily, "Oh, I'm hot stuff."

"Come ON, then."

As he helped her on with her coat she could smell liquor on his breath though she would never have guessed it. A gentleman could even drink different than other epople . . . like her folks who had to get soused.

They had danced on the roof garden, then in the Empire room and she had never really danced before. She said to him, "I'll bet you've won prizes, dancing."

"Oh, some. Once in Brazil. Several times in the States." After a moment, he added, "You aren't bad. You throw yourself around too much. But most kids your age do."

She was wrapped in the warmth of the day's most popular tune and was thinking if only Rose and Kay could see her now, when Pete (he had said, "Just call me Pete") murmured "It's too crowded here. Let's go."

With someone else she could have protested but he was leading her from the floor, getting her coat. Neither could she protest when he

said "Let's go up to my room and talk a bit. The evening's young."

She did say, "I shouldn't . . ." but he brushed it aside with the one word, "Nonsense," and led her toward the elevator in which they were swept upward, swiftly, swiftly.

They had a few cocktails and now she could see a familiar glaze coming into his eyes, could see an unnatural flush darkening his lean, fair face. Still, he talked sensibly, politely. Even when he pulled her down on the bed beside him, whispering, "We needn't be so formal," she didn't feel that he was like any of the boys she knew. She didn't feel afraid of him . . .

And when she felt his body against hers, felt his lips on hers it was like warmth and music and a sweet quieting of the cold loneliness she had known so long. "Honey," he called her softly, "Hold me close. It's so damn lonely in the army."

Still, when she felt his hand on her flesh, instinct made her push it away, made her say, "We mustn't . . ." huskily, haltingly for the warmth in her was leaping into flame, into a strange hunger.

"Why not?" he asked, pressing his lips into the whiteness of her throat, "Aren't you my Victory Girl? Don't ever let me go . . ."

"You mean . . you mean . ." She had to say it, she had to know, because suddenly she loved him so terribly, loved the firm pressure of his flesh on hers, loved the way his blonde hair fell across his forehead, loved his hands, his words, "Do you mean you would want to marry me?"

"I couldn't very well do that," he told her, still intent on having his own way, "You see I've already got a wife. But I'll remember you. Be good to me honey."

She was suddenly limp in his arms and mistaking her limpness for surrender he kissed her long and violently, kissed her until everything for just a moment was dark and stopped—yes, the world and its hammerings and its loneliness was stopped. She let herself be kissed but her mind was made up. She must go, she must get out of here quickly. Tears caught in her eyelashes as she pushed him from her so firmly, so quietly that he was surprised into letting her free of his embrace.

"I've got to go home," she whispered, straightening her clothes.

He took a cigarette from his pocket, looked at her mockingly, "What a little fool you are. What have you got to lose?" Then laying the cigarette down he reached for her, murmuring, "Come here."

She wanted to go to him, wanted for just one more moment to feel warm and loved, to lose her loneliness and uncertainty. Instead, she grabbed her coat and without looking back, rushed swiftly from the room.

As she walked hurriedly on the street toward home, two boys whistled at her, one tried to grab her arm and she let him have it right on the nose. For once, she was glad to see Officer Early coming up behind her. Even the street she lived on gave men the right to think all kinds of things, to get fresh. Even the policeman looked at her suspiciously as he said, "You, Susan, shouldn't be out this time o'night alone. What are your folks thinkin' about?"

He didn't wait for an answer and she was glad . . or she might have told him. He went on, "You're no more than a baby. You and your friends. What are you wantin' out of life anyway?"

They were nearly home now. Susan looked up and she could see Pa in his shirt sleeves waiting for her. He would push her around a bit, he would look at her that way . . . Suddenly, she thought, "What if some night I don't come home. What if some night—lying in a man's arms—it won't matter. Nothing will matter . . ."

"What do we want out of life?" she repeated in a strange, tight voice, "Well me, now, I want my picture in the paper."

She ran up the stairs, fast, and her loud, hysterical laughter echoed eerily down the musty stairs and out to the quiet street.

Two Poems

THEY LOCKED THE DOOR

They locked the door who let me in
    And showed me windows to the night,
    They loaned this hollow house of light
Nor asked (nor told) where I had been.

I do not know where fears are laid
    That walk with life, nor where loves pass,
    But hear a scratching at the glass
And see along the dark a shade.

SEA-DREAMER

The mound whose safety smoothed its counterpane
Registers with a different sense the breakers,
Learns that the ocean's killers have found wings
And slant in squadrons through unasking night
Along the downward focus of that cone
Shaped by this mound and fears ringed far about it.

Sleep jerks from him, and leaves an arc of fright
From nightmare to eyes opened in the dark;
He shivers lost from mother-warmth, and sees
Behind his eyes an image of that waste
Where brain can count stars and its ignorance.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

An Examination of Modern Critics:

6: Yvor Winters

By ALAN SWALLOW

RECENTLY the great critical renaissance of our time has seemed to turn in upon itself. Much effort on the part of the critics has gone into examination of one another. In fact, the examination of a critic's position has become a sort of favorite parlor game for the literary reviews. One may reasonably expect this of the small critics, but it has been indulged in also by the best of our critics.

It is difficult to be certain of the reason for this. There are at least two possible reasons. One of these may be that the criticism has turned upon itself as a defensive move against recent attacks from the Brookses and MacLeishes. By the smug and easy phrasers, making capital of the emergency national awareness, this criticism has been called "coterie." Thus grouped together, the critics have become more self-conscious, perhaps, and certainly have discovered that though in the eyes of some they are a group, the group is fractured by many divergencies of opinion and method. Self-consciousness, defense of a rigorous yet truly high regard for literature, mutual effort to clarify and to consolidate the gains of a great critical period: one has reason to believe that these are the causes of the shift from critical examination of literature to the critical examination of critics.

The other possible reason is less flattering and less hopeful. Perhaps our critical period has petered out and we see its dying throes as the critics wrestle with each other rather than with the literature which is their proper concern.

Whether the critical period is near its end or not, enough work has been done in the last thirty years to make it the greatest period of literary criticism, consciously expressed, in the history of English and American literature. If it is true, this is an important judgment, and it must be made cautiously. There have been many poor studies, many wrong-headed opinions in this critical renaissance. But despite them the renaissance has flourished so that we now take for granted a critical vocabulary and a critical method which is more detailed and more capable of discussing literature without complete dependence upon the vocabularies of philosophy and history than at any previous period of our literature. This is the great contribution of the critical renaissance, and it is worth remarking, even

though in truth there is more than one method, or strategy of vocabulary, as Kenneth Burke would probably call it.

Perhaps the next most remarkable thing about this critical period is that it has been various and, in a sense, greatly departmentalized and specialized. There have been both good and ill effects from this specialization: on the one hand it has led to detailed pursuit of interesting ideas within the abilities of each person, and on the other it has made the total picture of critical activity a patchwork of interesting studies but very few critical compositions in the large sense.

If one thinks of the more important names in recent criticism, one can see this specialization clearly: the Humanists, self-described; the criticism from an undynamic psychology of Richards; Ransom and his approach from his study of Greek philosophy of German idealism; Edmund Wilson, if he may be dignified by the true name of critic (witness his recent change to the name of reviewer), with his approach to literature from a varying set of liberal ideas; the intellectual game of Empson; Blackmur and the study of language in poetry. With the spread of the ideas of these men, and of the ideas of three persons I shall mention last, a number of interesting and very valuable studies, particularly of specific literary works, have been contributed by Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Horace Gregory, Lionel Trilling, Leavis and Bateson in England, and ten or twelve others.

But only three critics have seemed to achieve any important all-around critical work, combining both critical theory and detailed examination of particular pieces of literature. These three are T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, and Yvor Winters. Of the three, Eliot's contribution has been perhaps most widely influential but surely least consequential in quality. His critical repute was partly a matter of fad and partly because his work provided a rationalization of modern experimentalism in poetry and fiction. Actually Eliot's critical position is too inconsistent and too shallow to be that of the great critic. The importance of Allen Tate's critical work has been vitiated in part by the fact that it is essentially fragmentary. His critical books are collections of isolated essays, not developed studies of book length. Further, his study of metrics in poetry has never been full or adequate. But within his essays is a wealth of insights, both into particular works of literature and into the nature of literature, excelled, probably, only by the work of Yvor Winters. Winters has combined all these aspects of criticism with an ambitious program in a sense expected of the full and great critic. If one has followed the argument thus far, he must conclude that, despite most any difference with particular judgments or ideas in the work, Winters is the greatest critic of the recent critical renaissance.

2.

I suspect that an important reason why Winters has not received his due and why he has been widely misunderstood and sometimes reviled is that the broad plan of his work has not been appreciated. (Another reason, of course, is a personal factor exhibited in his work, a sort of uncompromising determination and perhaps even arrogance which have offended

some soft-minded people but which are virtues of the creative intellect.) If one turns to the page facing the title page of *Maule's Curse*, with an awareness of what work has been done since that book was published, he will be able to grasp something of the large plan initiated by Winters. It appears that Winters approached the problems of criticism first through an examination of the methods and the ideas underlying modern poetry and criticism. Apparently he is trying to explain the failures of much recent work, to study the history of the methods and ideas underlying those failures, to indicate what he considers a better tradition of method and idea, and to study the history of that tradition. This may be a statement of his over-all plan to which he would not agree in particular; yet I believe it will indicate the general outline sufficiently to show his ambitious pattern. It will show, also, that his critical work is tied together in a plan; no one piece is an isolated sutdy. Thus no one book is entirely complete in itself; it is enriched by reading of the next one, and so on. But by and large, the steps so far taken are these, considering here only the four largest and most important so far published: In *Primitivism and Decadence* Winters has analyzed in detail some of the methodological failures of some recent poetry, plus laying down one of his richest critical contributions, the foundations of his study of metrics. In the third book, *The Anatomy of Nonsense*, Winters has studied four of the most widespread ideas underlying recent failures in literary work. In both of these books, and particularly in *The Anatomy*, he has also indicated very briefly the position, both in method and in idea, which he feels provides a better tradition for literary composition than do those he attacks. In the second book, *Maule's Curse*, are studies in the backgrounds of the methods and ideas of modern work which he has attacked. And in his long essay on sixteenth century poetry published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* is initiated a study of the history of what he considers the wiser tradition of method and idea.

3.

So far I have attempted to indicate Yvor Winters' position with relation to the critical renaissance of the last thirty years, and to indicate what appears to me as the general plan of his very ambitious critical study. Now it is time to turn with as much brevity as is possible to particular contributions Winters has made within the work published to date. Winters is a man in early middle age; I have no doubt that he will be able to complete in large measure the study he has started. Thus any list of accomplishments to date is provisional in the light of later work, and I shall content myself here with a few rather random notes rather than with a developed argument.

One of the first striking aspects of Winters' critical position is that it involves a rigorous standard for the poet and the critic. He has no sympathy with half-way measures or with great or little rationalizations to escape a part of the artist's responsibility. In a sense his general objection to much recent work is that it does not have this rigor; critically it attempts to justify the aberrant or semi-successful, and creatively it uses only a portion

of the possibilities which the nature of writing can offer. Here is a statement from the first paragraph of *Primitivism and Decadence*: "The very exigencies of the medium as (the poet) employs it in the act of perception should force him to the discovery of values which he never would have found without the convening of all the conditions of that particular act . . . The poet who suffers from such difficulties instead of profiting by them is only in a rather rough sense a poet at all."

This rigorous standard is the foundation, also, of his objection to that work which tends to abandon coherence of meaning in favor of "pure feeling" or whatever the protagonist of the mode might name it. The argument, baldly put, is that words have both denotative and connotative meanings, and that to abandon one aspect is to abandon one of the faculties at the poet's command as one might blindfold his eyes and smell his way to New York; the best poet will use all possibilities of his art. "Further," Winters says in his first book, "when the denotative power of language is impaired, the connotative becomes proportionately parasitic upon denotations in previous contexts, for words cannot have associations without meanings; and if the denotative power of language could be wholly eliminated, the connotative would be eliminated at the same stroke, for it is the nature of associations that they are associated with something. This means that non-rational writing, far from requiring greater literary independence than the traditional modes, encourages a quality of writing that is relatively derivative and insecure."

A similar argument lies behind Winters' objection to the formlessness and the "qualitative progression" of much modern poetry and prose. He calls the attitude responsible for such work "the fallacy of imitative form," and he discusses it thus in a footnote in *Primitivism and Decadence*: "It might be thus formulated: Form is expressive invariably of the state of mind of the author; a state of formlessness is legitimate subject matter for literature, and in fact all subject matter, as such, is relatively formless; but the author must endeavor to give form, or meaning, to the formless—in so far as he endeavors that his own state of mind may imitate or approximate the condition of the matter, he is surrendering to the matter instead of mastering it. Form, in so far as it endeavors to imitate the formless, destroys itself."

There is a converse to this attitude, and Winters argues it closely. If abandonment of some of the resources of poetry displays weakness of attitude and in fact produces a limitation upon the poet, the effort to use the rich resources leads to stronger poetry. One of these resources, of course, is found in the tradition of form in English poetry. As one approaches the tradition, he has the great abilities of that poetry for his use. Further, the tradition provides a means, through controlled variations from its norms, to communicate exact shades of meaning and feeling. Again I quote from *Primitivism and Decadence*, "As one approaches the norm, one's variations from that norm take on more significance." If there is no norm, there is no variation; or perhaps one should say, if there is no norm,

there is nothing but variation.

Attitudes such as these explain Winters' quarrel with free verse (a quarrel which apparently has been overemphasized by some of his readers, since it is obvious that Winters admires many free verse poems and many products of "primitivism") and his argument for a strict metrical norm. From *Primitivism and Decadence*: ". . . two of the principles of variation—substitution and immeasurably variable degrees of accent—which are open to the poet employing the old meters, are not open to the poet employing free verse, for, as regards substitution, there is no normal foot from which to depart, and, as regards accent, there is no foot to indicate which syllables are to be considered accented, but the accented syllable must identify itself in relation to the entire line, the result being that accents are of fairly fixed degrees, and certain ranges of possible accent are necessarily represented by gaps . . . It is a question whether such effects can be employed with a subtlety equal to that of fine substitution. Personally I am convinced that they cannot be; for in traditional verse, each variation, no matter how slight, is exactly perceptible and as a result can be given exact meaning as an act of moral perception."

The reader will have noticed that I have so far confined my quotations to some taken from Winters' first book, *Primitivism and Decadence*. In that book he set down most of his fundamental critical attitudes. The later books are enrichments and extensions of those attitudes. At first glance, in fact, *Primitivism and Decadence* may appear very enlightening but also a little bald and spare. It is a packed book, with some ideas not completely defined, at least with illustration and full argument. But all of the books are closely linked, and as one reads the later work, he will find himself again with the ideas met before, and find them becoming more definite and realized in his mind. For example, I believe it takes a reading of the three books so far published to get a thorough understanding of three of Winters' most important concepts, those of "primitivism," "decadence," and "obscurantism." It may be noted in passing that the long essay on sixteenth century poetry has a quality similar to that of the first book; it rather sparely introduces us to new conceptions of that poetry, and we are forced to reserve some judgment until we can see where the ideas lead in our reading of English verse.

The second book, *Maule's Curse*, extends the ideas we have met before into a study of eight nineteenth-century American writers. These are studies in what Winters calls "obscurantism," or "the choice between abstractions inadequate or irrelevant to experience on the one hand, and experience on the other as far as practicable unilluminated by understanding.' Much of the work is richly documented not only with detailed argument but also with Winters' readings of poems or prose. The essays vary considerably in general kind, on the one extreme being the closely reasoned attack upon Poe's whole esthetic, and on the other the essay on Emily Dickinson containing almost entirely very enlightening discussions of individual poems. And both kinds have very great values.

In *The Anatomy of Nonsense* we turn, in a sense, to the "obscurantism"—or at least to the difficulties and inconsistencies in position—of four important recent writers, Henry Adams, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, and John Crowe Ransom. The studies are a fine mixture of abstract argument and analysis of particular works of the men considered.

What is carried out in these last two books is something only suggested in the first book—an examination of the relation between ideas of art and technical methods used in the work. Winters has demonstrated with care and with a number of persons, from the nineteenth century to the present, that there is an exact relation between one's conception of art and the way he will write. Except in such general principles as I have already indicated, or in the set provided at the first of *The Anatomy of Nonsense*, this relation perhaps cannot be defined more clearly; the proof is not so much in argument as in example. And Winters has provided analyses of the relation between "the fallacy of imitative form" and its poetry, between the hedonism and the poetry of Stevens, the Romantic theory and writing of Poe, the transcendentalism and poetry of Emerson and Jones Very, and many others.

Thus Winters' rigorous standard for the writer and the critic comes to a full, round, complete position. Perhaps it is defective; I shall not try to discuss that here, but I think that in any way in which it is defective it is so in minor judgments, that it is not only the single complete position offered by modern criticism but also a most intelligent and fruitful one.

The position is complete because it provides us with an intelligent way of thinking about poetry, for instance, and also with good means of examining poems; it is fruitful because it contains important directives for both the poet and the critic. The crux of the matter lies in Winters' position that writing is a "moral" judgment. The term *moral* has been misunderstood, Winters' critics commonly believing that he is trying to lead them away from art-as-an-entity-in-itself position to art-as-an-adjunct-to-morals, to the commonly professed position of older critics. Winters' position is closer to that of traditional criticism than is common among modern critics. However, the term has been misunderstood, these critics having failed to notice, for example, that in one place in *Maule's Curse* Winters uses the term *human* as a parenthetical expression for the term *moral*.

In a criticism so important as is Winters', such a source of misunderstanding must be examined closely. I shall do so in my own words, aware that Winters may need to repudiate my interpretation. Winters' position is that of the Christian. He believes that within quite large limits man has choice. As I have shown, he has no sympathy with the position that poetry in a directionless period must be formless. The poet has faculties and brains with which to make decisions. The kind of choices and the kind of decisions he makes will be governed, of course, by the immediate range of choices, but, what is more important, within that range by the set of beliefs, emotional controls, intelligence, and perceptions which he has. All

of these are intimately interrelated, and to them are available various technical resources of poetry. The resources used by the poet are a judgment he makes and, in the end, a judgment upon him; it is a judgment which he makes and which he calls down upon himself as intelligent, moral, human being. Winters indeed has stringency, but it is a stringency which I think no real poet, Christian or unchristian in his thinking, will try to avoid.

BOOKS BY YVOR WINTERS arranged in chronological order:

POEMS:

The Immobile Wind, Evanston, Ill.: Monroe Wheeler, 1921.
The Magpie's Shadow, Chicago: Musterbrookhouse, 1922.
The Bare Hills, Boston: The Four Seas Company, 1927.
The Proof, New York: Coward McCann, 1930.
The Journey and Other Poems, Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press, 1931.
Before Disaster, Tryon, N. C.: The Tryon Pamphlets, 1934.
Poems, Los Altos, Calif.: The Gyroscope Press, 1940.
The Giant Weapon, New York: New Directions, 1943.

EDITOR:

Twelve Poets of the Pacific, Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1937.

CRITICISM:

Primitivism and Decadence, New York: Arrow Editions, 1937.
Maule's Curse, Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1938.
The Anatomy of Nonsense, New York: New Directions, 1943.
"The 16th Century Lyric in England," **Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,** Feb., Mar., Apr., 1939.

(Installment 7 on Kenneth Burke's criticism by Delmore Schwartz will appear in a subsequent issue, Mr. Schwartz being delayed by press of other work.—Eds.)

Show

The thousands in vary-colored cloth,
The numerous feet,
Seem more individual beneath the big top.
Eyes are close
To the large man with the small mouth
To the mother and child
And the red-haired truant in the run-down shoes.

Even though you know but small rooms,
Though poliomyelitis means the strange smell
And worried look of a public officer,
Though you see through narrow streets
To these thousands
And cannot grasp the crude design,

They are still recognized,
The husks of other patterns,
Drawn here by a loud noise—
A closer-to-death—
A four-legged animal.

BARBARA ALLEN

ERRATA

In the Summer 1944 issue of RMR the following errata occur in the poems of Josephine Miles. In line 6 of "Loss" the words "*like my ire*" should be deleted. To precede the last line of "Prop," the line "*And set against the side of the portrayed studying forehead*" should be inserted.

Cities of the Rockies:

1: Salt Lake City

By DALE L. MORGAN

SOMEHOW monumental and obdurate, Salt Lake City stands determinedly outside the gaudy imagery which in the American consciousness represents the West. Inescapably born of the West and yet not of it, Salt Lake City is a stubborn fact perfectly symbolic of the perversity and incredibility of American history.

In the very presence of the fact, it is difficult to believe. You have to deal with the Kingdom of God—fashioned in the form of a Yankee town, set down at a Western crossroads, and subjected to a fifty-year sand-blasting by the American frontier. And with that you've only made a beginning. Out of something like another fifty years of strenuous pushing and hauling you come with a city that is not quite Babylon but is no longer quite recognizable as the Kingdom of God—a city which to its hinterland is at once an irritant, a challenge, and a consummation.

Well, there you are!

Salt Lake City must be regarded as both an inevitability and an accident of history. The forces of geography and economics make it certain that an important city would have arisen under the brow of the Wasatch Mountains above the southern extremity of Great Salt Lake, but that this city should have been the City of the Saints is beyond all calculation.

Zion was brought up into the mountains only as an expedient and a necessity, for when the Lord God Jehovah spoke in words of power to his servant Joseph ("Wherefore, this is the land of Promise, and the place for the city of Zion"), he rested his mantle upon the rolling green land of Missouri, and the obligation rested upon the Saints to gather in the fullness of time to that appointed place. But until the Lord opened the way, Zion might grow great in the tops of the mountains, and Brigham Young took his church to that refuge and stronghold. Salt Lake City was the practical result, the sign and symbol of the holy work—the Kingdom of God expressed in understandable terms.

The city was founded on the millennial expectation; there were those among its founders who held the perfect faith that they should not die before Christ came again, and signs of the end were apparent to every discerning eye. While governments wasted away and war and corruption

overspread the earth, the Word of the Lord and the means of redemption should stand secure in the mountaintops. Heir of the Constitution as well as instrumentality of God, the Church was held forth as the hope and glory of all mankind.

. . . It is not altogether strange that this Mormon metropolis and the West failed to get along too well. Cut from different patterns, suspicious and impatient of each other, disliking each other on sight as a social discipline collided squarely with a hard-fisted and free-handed individualism, Salt Lake City and the West wedded an exasperating conviction of superior destiny to a profane and reckless intolerance.

This marriage has made for an entertaining history and an instructive folklore. But the hard shell of the marital relationships serves one not at all in coming to an intimate understanding of Salt Lake City's character; one must go to the wellsprings of Mormon life. Salt Lake City is the product, as it is the symbol, of a steadfastness, a pietism, a selflessness, a capacity for sacrifice, and a sustained energy and purpose rare in the annals of any people.

These are spiritual values, but Salt Lake City and its regional empire are the evidence that such values can be shaped into a social instrument applicable to such hard and heartbreaking endeavor, even, as the planned subjection of a desert country. Mormonism has served Salt Lake City well. The religion has given the city an eminence, an influence and a renown, otherwise out of all proportion to its resources. But Salt Lake City has served Mormonism equally well. It is the best evidential proof that Mormonism has ever had. For those who have been able to deny Mormonism have not been able to deny the patent fact of Salt Lake City; it has been the pragmatic proof that Mormonism works.

Having this importance, Salt Lake City has tended to get out of hand. Founded as an instrumentality of the Church, it has acquired an identity and a character of its own, of which the Church is not only no longer master but from which it is no longer even independent. In 1658 Brigham Young was able to threaten the complete abandonment of the city he had founded eleven years before, and to edge his words with a sharp realism of demonstration, but even twenty-five years later that choice as an alternative to social surrender no longer existed for the Mormons. What you might term the specific gravity of the Church, perfectly symbolized in Salt Lake City, had become too great. Thus Salt Lake City has become a fact the Mormons have had to learn to live with. The distinctive interrelationship has made for some interesting developments, in the character both of the city and of the Church.

In its physical plan, Salt Lake City is the City of Zion, as platted by Joseph Smith in 1833. Lying four-square to the directions, the city has an air spacious and even noble. Its wide streets are everywhere tree-grown, and running water sparkles in its gutters, a spendthrift defiance to the aridity which is the city's everlasting enemy. Set back from the streets in obedience to early Mormon law and subsequent social custom, the city's homes have

space for lawns and old-fashioned flower gardens which give it an incredible fresh greenness. Such a city is designed for living; it provides room to be a part of the world. The grand sweep of the mountains, the crystalline air, the sun and the sky, belong to you. And, fully as important, you belong to them. The appalling dehumanization one sees in a great city, by which human behavior seems stripped to some primal level as instinctual as a dog's relieving itself in a gutter, is impossible within the terms of Salt Lake City's heritage and character.

But interfused with this homely nature of the city is that refractory modernity which is the recurring problem, as it is the besetting anxiety, of the Kingdom of God as that Kingdom has survived into our own time. Representative of this modernity is the metropolitan skyline. Gentile mining money has created that skyline, primarily, and this is perhaps appropriate in that the mining industry provided the economic base on which the standard of insurrection was first raised against the Mormon hegemony. The one clear note of dissent in this skyline is the Hotel Utah, built and owned by the Church itself, and as fine a hotel as you will come upon in the West. And yet this dissent is ambiguous, surely, for it is a standing joke that the average Mormon can afford to put up at the Hotel Utah only one night of his life, his wedding night, and the hotel functions primarily for the comfort and convenience of the uncircumcised.

That half-mile-square business section might be regarded as a kind of enclave carved out in the very heart of the Mormon domain, and there is superficial warrant for such a view, because this citadel has entirely obliterated a physical area of the Mormon past. The Social Hall is a plat of grass at Motor Avenue. The Amelia Palace is a fading memory overborne by the severe Federal Reserve Bank Building, into which no one has ever been known to enter, and from which no one has ever been seen to depart. The Salt Lake Theatre is a bronze plaque affixed to the wall of the Telephone Building. The business section stands as a sort of unyielding citadel against the pioneer memorials and folkways.

But this is illusory. The Gentiles have been assimilative and assimilated. The actual warfare was fought out fifty years ago, and the skyscrapers are merely the symbols of a conquest. Within a space of ten years, the Mormon power was shattered in one area after another—political, economic, and educational—and the homogenization of Salt Lake City since that time has been an inevitable social progression. The kingdom of this world and the Kingdom of God have grown together. They are not, today, very far from being indistinguishable. The Mormons feel quite as much at home in the Kearns Building as do the Gentiles up in the Avenues.

Yet there are curious fossil remnants of old convictions and antagonisms, and quite as curious a social stratification.

As the group with the broadest social and economic base and the most coherent organizational unity, the Mormon Church is generally regarded as possessed of a quite extraordinary political and economic power, able to run things to suit its own pleasure. And in fact, living to some extent

within the dream of the past, persuaded that the symbols they retain within their grasp are social realities, authorities of the Church occasionally speak out in the accents of command. Some pronunciamentos against Franklin Delano Roosevelt may be regarded as cases in point. But in the event it has become clear that the townsfolk say amen and then order their decisions according to their interior conceptions of propriety and necessity. Social authority has shifted its base, from the leadership into the people. From being prerequisite to life, that is to say, the Church has become accessory to life, an inevitable transition still in progress. . . and not entirely unrelated to the fact that we call Salt Lake City.

A degree of social exclusiveness remains, but a new and ironic element has entered into this stratification, because Gentile wealth has created a fresh set of values, and from being the aristocracy, the Mormons have come to feel themselves relegated to a mere bourgeois level. The lines of differentiation are not rigidly drawn, but the country club set just fails to include the Mormon people who "matter," and it is these slightly patronizing persons whose seasonal preoccupations provide the grist for the society sections.

Beneath the languid elegance of the city's upper crust a more curious relationship obtains between Gentile and Mormon, an instructive antagonism vestigial from the old social warfare. For their part, the Mormons have a conviction of the superiority of their folkways and the values by which they live; they may not care to express their feeling with Brigham Young's vigor, but they find themselves in full accord with his idea: "We are the best people on earth."

This is offset on the Gentile side by an undercurrent malice and derision which sets up the Mormons as a straw figure, a creature all ears and mouth, pompous, complacent, credulous, and sanctimonious. The wits are immediately busy when any crack appears in the holy edifice the Mormons have builded about themselves; it is a kind of social corrosion lingering from the savage hostilities of the older time, and yet there is no absolute ill feeling about it. It would be instructive to have a social psychologist examine the phenomenon before it altogether passes away.

For it will pass away. That is the promise—the somewhat troublesome promise—that Salt Lake City holds for the Kingdom of God. Salt Lake City is the area for the final adjustment of Mormon mores and ideology within the American framework. The lines of differentiation between Mormon and non-Mormon ("Gentile" begins to be a disused word) are blurring year by year. Business plays its part in this. And the intermarriage of Mormon and non-Mormon is destroying the cleavages at the source. There is still a clannishness in the area of marriage, but the social sanctions that formerly operated against marriage out of the Church have ceased to have any real prohibitory force, in Salt Lake City at least. It is not without significance that the Church, though still making effective social use of its temple rituals as a reward and a binding power for the faithful, has been impelled to alterations in the rituals, by which they have

come to conform more closely to the large American pattern.

The process of education even more profoundly intermixes the groups. The boundaries of school districts cut across ward boundaries, and a Mormon child may find his best friend a Methodist or a Catholic sitting at an adjacent desk in his schoolroom, rather than the boy across the street who sits next to him in Sunday school. The social pattern itself is subtly changed, and as the child gains his education, he grows up into a world of thought outside and beyond the *Doctrine and Covenants*. Veblen, Freud, Einstein, Boas, Ellis—these are names not of the Kingdom of God but of the kingdom of the mind. Mormons react to these names in varying ways. But increasingly they react within their integrity as individuals and not within the doxologies of a religion.

All this adds up to stress and strain upon the Kingdom of God. The political and economic dynamism gone, and most of the millennial fervor, a new equilibrium is sought in social emphases. The necessity of adjustment is tacitly acknowledged and half welcomed, for after all the doctrine of eternal progression has proved most rewarding of all the doctrines in the Mormon theology. But this adjustment also is emotionally resisted, and Salt Lake City is the chief battleground. Watching modernity war with convention, the hinterland of the Kingdom of God follows the battle in something of a mood of uneasy upset and restless discontent, for the forces at work in Salt Lake City today are the forces which will be at work in the small towns five years from now—or ten or twenty-five.

The farmer in from Escalante or Enterprise is armed by his satisfaction with Salt Lake City's metropolitan qualities, which are evidence that the Kingdom of God is no whit behind the world in any of the habiliments of success. But he would have this substance without its shadow; he would like a safe and secure world projected from his own mind and emotions. He sends his son to college and worries whether the art department of the state university up on Salt Lake City's East Bench can be trusted not to corrupt his boy's mind with naked models. His daughter leaves home to clerk in Auerbach's, and though there are no cocktail bars in Salt Lake City, how can he be sure the girl will not take up with cigarettes? He would like to pass a law—he did in fact pass a law once, the ingloriously short-lived anti-cigarette prohibition act of 1922—but he has to be content with billboard legislation prohibiting advertisements that depict smoking women. Bafflement and doubt, and cosequently a degree of irritation, bulk large in the attitude of the Kingdom of God toward its capital city.

Of course, that is symptomatic of a society in transition, and it is not peculiar to Mormon adjustment and the redefinition of Mormon mores; the pattern may be pursued throughout America. In Salt Lake City it merely stands in stronger historical relief.

From another, and perhaps finally definitive point of view, Salt Lake City today offers an intellectual and cultural freedom to be had in no other place in the Mormon domain. Art and music and literature have re-

spect and popular sanction if not that thoroughgoing support revelatory of full cultural maturity. And one's own personal affairs need not be everybody's business—perhaps the surest index to the breakage in rigid conventions. In Salt Lake City it has become possible to achieve a full privacy for dwelling in the world of one's own mind. That constitutes a liberation important to the city, its state, and the West.

Intense Obliteration

Turning on the grating gravel
  away from amphitheatre
  fit for Sophocles' old man
  away from hawking planes
  this year's attraction

Turning the time of morning
  the black snake water hose
  spilling over roadbed
  amoeba-growing pattern
  of flowing dye of light

Turning the master lens
  that gleams aluminum—
  stream of wintry sun
  tricking constant shadows
  lining irrelevance of ripples

Turntable sensation : swing
  away from work the honk
  airplanes dripping oil
  blotching crushed coral corrals
  metal rattle in my pocket

Turning with me : revolution
  of two wind-headed doves
  the sky poured blue
  onto my film of mind
  unction : intense obliteration

ROBERT PRICE

The Avenues of Death

Turning down the eager avenues of death
into a quiet country, further away
from their scenes of laughter, now, than America
or England, inaccessible as yesterday;

travelling silently, leaving nothing behind
their smiles have emptied like the blown winds' urge,
and their marbled, boyish limbs gone out of our eyes—
War has carried out a general purge.

And they who were Scotland, England, all the world,
have been sacked from the offices of being alive.
Their women are sorry, perhaps, but how else could the church
and honor and greed and glory ever survive?

So many killed on the radio to-day
a sexless loss looms over daffodilled lawns,
and the grass is gangerous grieving in silent sorrow—
but really respectable people will never be drawn

into a shop-door struggle with dirty death:
they'd have him cleanly in a comfortable bed
wrapped up in feeble novels and nurses' treats,
and like the radio, just go suddenly dead.

For them this loss is merely vacant numbers,
the breakfast topic for a causual thought;
suburban hearts, hermetically sealed,
can never face the facts dead soldiers fought.

I, in this lonely town by a lurching sea
watch my companions sham death's easy rites,
cumbrously crouching in puzzled fields and ditches,
wheeling forward to battle in camouflaged flights.

They who so soon will sanctify their seasons,
patient companions of these waiting years,
will be fractured bones and pieces of emptied bodies,
their selves, the sorrows of yesterday's laughable tears.

And there will be memorials and tablets
evoking the blur of a nation's indefinite loss,
and wreaths, no doubt, and reams of gilded prayers,
till children forget, and the blacked-eyed mocking pass.

O may I follow them deathwards from all reason,
till the last enemy, settled within my sights,
first pulls the trigger by his certain treason,
cancels my loving and shoots out the lights.

For my heart would harbour the grating teeth of an anger,
like the obvious, insolent wrath of the cold North sea,
that they should have turned down their avenues for nothing,
and for less than nothing, companionless, left me.

MAURICE LINDSAY

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SIXTY EAST SOUTH TEMPLE

A Small Bouquet For The Armed Forces

By ROBERT LOWRY

THE 200 soldiers came marching along the road on their way to the foothills to play war. The air was crisp and the countryside had turned red and yellow, so all the men of the 752nd felt good enough about it.

They passed an orchard with red apples weighing down the trees. One private, Shorty Reynard, dashed out of line and made for them, but got called quick by a lieutenant.

Then they were passing the farm house. Two little girls stood at the gate and watched them go by.

"Just grow up a little bit kids," Shorty Reynard said. "We'll be around."

The two little girls turned their backs quick, and that got a big response from the little army passing. Shorty couldn't even think of an answer to it.

A big softeyed red-and-white cow leaned over her fence and looked at the soldiers. When they'd almost got by, she turned her back on them and droped a large steaming third base. "She's got the same opinion of us as Lieutenant Marble," Shorty Reynard said.

A little snow in the air too. Once in a while a very frail snowflake came fluttering down out of the grey sky. It was a good day all around for a hike, for playing war in America, 5,000 miles from the real war and bundled up in good warm clothes, with a large breakfast under the belt. The 752nd Infantry really stepped along. It felt good. It had Shorty Reynard for its entertainment, and cows and little girls to look at. The good crisp earth to walk upon.

At first there had been a good deal of talking, but now they settled down, and just walked. No sign of activity except the walking. Very few thoughts thought. Once in a while a rifle changed shoulders, but that was all. Except for Lieutenant Marble's lips moving, counting the number of steps per minute they were taking, nothing at all was happening.

So when the country schoolhouse came in view it was worth looking at, and everybody looked. Recess there too! A couple hundred grade-school kids played rope and cops and robbers in the front yard, but as

soon as they saw what was coming they crowded along the road.

Well, this was all right! The soldiers straightened up a little. Each of them remembered the thrill of seeing soldiers march by as a kid. Each of them wanted suddenly to look as important to these kids as soldiers had to them.

There were three young female teachers, and two dogs, a brown one and a white one, watching them. A regular audience! Except for four little girls, all the watching audience was quite solemn.

But the four little girls, standing right on the edge of the road, were giggling, and as a matter of fact seemed to be up to something. Three of them were trying to coax the fourth, a little brunette in a red dress, to do something. But she kept giggling and looking down and shaking her head. Oh go on, they said, so finally she made up her mind.

With a little bouquet of autumn leaves thrust before her in her right hand she ran right down to the passing soldiers and presented them to Shorty Reynard.

The rest of the children were silent for a moment. One of the teachers made a step forward when the little dark-haired girl dashed out, but even she held back.

And then suddenly a roar went up! All the schoolchildren were laughing! They laughed and laughed at the most wonderful joke in the world. They opened their mouths and closed their eyes and laughed very loud.

Shorty Reynard kept the bouquet of leaves in his hand long after they'd gone around the bend.

Letting go of them one by one, he said, "I guess that's one on us all right."

BOOKS

American Writing

Alan Swallow's **American Writing, 1943** (Bruce Humphries, 1944), differs from the usual yearbook anthology in that its selections are frankly limited to the non-commercial or "little" magazines, and it performs a real service in calling attention to stories and poems which, though excellent, have appeared in comparatively obscure publications. Such stories as Meridel Leseur's "God Made Little Apples" from **Prairie Schooner** and Brewster Ghiselin's "Escape" from **University Review**, as well as the poetry of James V. Cunningham published in the **New Mexico Quarterly Review**, are good examples.

On the other hand, the lateness of publication (this volume is almost a year behind similar anthologies publishing material printed in 1942), detracts from the excitement one ordinarily feels in "discovering" such stories as Eudora Welty's "A Still Moment," James Hilton's "Mediators to the Goatherd," or poems like "Original Sin" by Robert Penn Warren and "Certain Phenomena of Sound" by Wallace Stevens. All had been reprinted several times before Mr. Swallow's anthology appeared.

The primary values of such an anthology are historical and journalistic. The appeal first to readers more or less seriously interested in contemporary writing who wish to compare their own judgment with that of the editor, and secondly they serve as a record of what a particular editor considers the outstanding work of a certain year. Their critical value depends upon the taste and judgment of the editor.

On the whole, Mr. Swallow's judgment is sound, though inclined to be limited to a particular type of story and poem, and his selection of 73 "honor roll" poems from his own poetry department in the **New Mexico Quarterly Review** (as compared with 15 from Kenyon Review, for instance) indicates a personal bias which is perhaps more human than it is critical. His statistical summary would, perhaps, as he admits in a foot-note, be more accurate if the credit for the publication of outstanding work were given on a percentage basis, as was done by the late Edward J. O'Brien.

This project, however, is one which deserves commendation and encouragement as well as criticism. Perhaps, with enough support (and it is a book well worth owning), its publication could be brought up to date, even though the next volume contained material from two years—1943 and 1944.

—Ray B. West Jr.

Out of These Roots

It is diflcult to speak of a promising and interesting first novel without repeating the numerous cliches that are always used to launch a new book. The book trade, like Hollywood, has its own particular brand of adjectives, and while they are not, perhaps, as grandiose as those applied by the higher paid brethren in Southern California, they can be just as annoying to the reviewer who wishes to praise a book without appearing to lack critical moderation, or to criticize without seeming to condemn.

Of **Out of These Roots** by Boris Todrin (Caxton, 1944), William Rose Benet says (and the publisher quotes): "This story is rich in human nature, in humor, young ardor, and grief; and is, above all, thoroughly honest. In other words, it is well worth reading, and I hope it will be read by all good Americans."

I can say, "amen," to all except the final statement, which seems to imply that the book has a flavor particularly American or that it contains a particular message for American, neither of which is paricularly true. Mr. Benet might have gone the

full distance and said he hoped it would be read by everyone in the world, as his colleagues in Hollywood would have done, had he meant the last clause simply as a figure of speech.

But I meant to agree with Mr. Benet, not to quarrel with him. I would add that Mr. Todrin's novel makes better reading than nine-tenths of the novels being written today. It has guts and vigor. The action, particularly in the early sections, is skillfully woven to cover a great many incidents and a long period of time without losing the interest of the reader, and the characterization is particularly excellent.

Having said this, however, I feel compelled to point out that the book has serious faults, as what first novel has not? I say "compelled" because, obviously, as Mr. Benet states, **Out of These Roots** is a thoroughly honest work and demands honesty in its appraisal.

In the first place, as I understand Mr. Todrin's purpose, it is to show that in the principal character, the American-born son of Russian-Jewish immigrant parents, is planted the seed of talent, of idealism, and the spirit of rebellion of his parents and grandparents, whose lives are depicted in rather long selections which make up a great deal of the book. But it is to show also that Nicky Gordon inherited the suffering of his race and the constant defeat.

Mr. Benet's comment, which I questioned, might be meant to suggest that Nicky, as an American, rises above this defeat, that he, as a talented young poet, fulfills the constantly thwarted artistic promise denied Tamara Beringson, his mother. But I find the conclusion ambiguous, for there is a double strand woven into the story of Nicky Gordon. The first is his promise as a poet; the second, his love affair with a high school sweetheart, Jerry Rubin. The first is made to appear more important, because of its parallel with Tamara's desire to become an actress, but it is the second only that is resolved, and this by defeat when Jerry leaves Nicky. There is a measure of defeat, too, in Nicky's rising artistic career, for his most influential friend, the great man who was to have written the preface to his first professional volume of verse, dies just when he is in a position to really insure Nicky's success.

While the meaning of this incident is not pointed, as it probably would have been had the author intended it to foreshadow the eventual disappointment of Nicky's hopes, it is too close a parallel to the defeat of Tamara Gordon's promising career to escape the reader. It is a good ironic parallel, but it lacks completion in either the eventual success or failure of Nicky. We are left only with the doubtful statement by the author in the final chapter that Nicky had begun to recover from the shock of Jerry's desertion, and that he once more felt the mystic call of poetry. This is not enough. Tamara too had felt the call of the stage. Was Nicky's talent to come to no more than that? Was he doomed to defeat as his inheritance or was it out of the roots of family and race that his talent was to blossom? This is the question the author has slighted, and the reader is within his rights in demanding an answer. Yet it is a defect, which should not deter anyone from buying or reading the book. More serious to many readers might seem the occasional lapses in style, when Mr. Todrin depends too much on rather dubious devices for the depiction of a particular atmosphere (the classroom, for instance), or the infrequent use of stock attitudes in character portrayal.

On the whole, **Out of These Roots** is a credit to its author and a welcome indication that the Caxton Printers have not completely given up the publication of serious fiction.

—Ray B. West Jr.

Ducasse Dante?

Every priest, preacher, general, and poet of the Western world should have a copy of this devotional book (**Maldoror** by Lautreamont, New Directions, 1944). "Obscure fastnesses and secret fibres of human consciousness" are here stretched out on the most magnificent dissecting-table to appear since Dante's **Inferno.** As with Dante (and as the publisher states) the original language should be on facing pages. "The powerful and seraphic sonority of the harp will

become beneath my fingers a formidable talisman." This, from an author who composed with the aid of a piano. Although the translation is excellent, the talisman is lost; the translator of these hymns should play while he translates, but the score is lost. The book is not black magic, but is aimed at the reformation of man.

The theme: "the attack by all means in my power upon Man, that wild beast, and the Creator, who should never have created such vermin." The source: "a love that has resolved never to appease its thirst with the human race." The purpose: "in order to excite men to repentance by verses of prophecy."

"If the intelligence predominates sufficiently over deficiencies under the weight of which it has been partially smothered by habit, nature and education," this will be recognized as one of the most regenerative works of the last century, and one of the few which have meaning in this. "I can conceive a sickness more terrible than the eyes swollen after long meditations upon the strange character of mankind: but I am still seeking it . . . and I have not found it!" "Why reopen, at whatever page, with blasphemous eagerness, the folio of human misery? Nothing is of such fertile instruction. . . . But the sick man did not become so for his own pleasure; and the sincerity of his remarks allies itself to perfection with the credulity of the reader." If there was perfection in Dante, there is perfection here. Unfortunately, the proof is in the **hearing**, but the translation whets vour ears for the feast of the original.

Ducasse and Destouches, elegantly Lautreamont and Celine, bejewel viscera as Shakespeare decked out royalty. But the two Frenchmen drive home a less equivocal message: "everyone should steep himself in the principle that insists that all men do unto others as perhaps we would have others do unto them."

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with premonitions of premature death. In the self-inscribed epitaph, and other prophetic insertions, lurks proof of the desire to go on, "write many novels." Epitaph to his reader: "One must give him his due. He has greatly stupefied (cretiniser) me. What might he not have done had he lived longer!" "Wake, Maldoror! The hypnotic spell that has weighed upon your cerebro-spinal system for ten years of nights is lifted." "I shall probably not be able to live long enough to explain to you what I make no claim to understand myself."

His death is more regrettable than Rimbaud's, because he renounced **Maldoror,** but did not renounce writing. In a letter about **Maldoror,** he says: "It made me open my eyes. I said to myself that since the poetry of doubt has reached this stage of mournful despair and mischievous theory, it is consequently radically false." "I have sung as Byron, Milton, de Musset, and Baudelaire have done. Naturally I have exaggerated the pitch to do something new in the way of this sublime literature that only sings despair to depress the reader, and make him want good as a remedy. So it is always the good one sings after all, only in a more philosophic, less naive way than that of the old school of which Victor Hugo and a few others are the only living representatives." In another letter he calls them the great Soft Heads of his time, reminding one of Eliot's Straw Men, with priorities.

His **Inferno** is as good as Dante's. All you have to do is change the century. Granted this, and granted that he overleaped the chasm Rimbaud fell into (as foretold in his long preface to the never-published **Poesies,** in which he says he has completely changed methods—for boredom, sadness, death, and shadows, substituting hope, expectancy, CALM, happiness, and—his pet bugaboo—DUTY), his **Purgatory** and **Paradise** would have changed considerbly the tenor of this century's poetry. For all people who cry, without knowing why, here is your book.

—Gilbert Neiman.

New Huxley Novel

In an Epilogue to **Time Must Have a Stop** (Harper & Brothers, 1944), Aldous Huxley's ever deepening concern with spiritual significance, symbols and systems is fully exploited. Sebastian Barnack is the novelist's medium for this illumination and there is no doubt that he speaks for Huxley as he outlines the synthesis of his belief—his "Minimum Working Hypothesis."

Man has ever sought brave knowledge of the God-head, impatient of placating orthodoxy. Huxley proposes that this fulfillment lies innately in each individual, along the path of complete selflessness and non-attachment. This is his message—implicit in the teasing story and explicit in the allusive Epilogue. The idea is not new to mystics in general. One might wonder at its presentation in this form since the usual saints and sinners, dullards and dotards with whom Huxley deals so brilliantly and so savagely, constitute his highly literate and infinitely readable prelude.

The action opens in pre-war London wtih Sebastian, a perpetual ado-

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lescent stricken with poetic genius; exposes the frailties his family and shifts to Florence where cumulatively larger issues ensue. The usual gallery of inspired portraits adorns the novel —Uncle Eustace, the unrepentent hedonist and aesthete; Mrs. Thwale, his mother-in-law's companion, filled with day-time discretion; and Bruno Rontini, the Italian book mart keeper, who is quietly and believably a saint. Rontini touches some hidden spring in Sebastian so that even though imperfectly prepared and embattled with conflicting emotions, he makes his first advance toward integration. The Epilogue comes ten years later with Sebastian, crippled by the war, taking up the gambit which Dr. Huxley has given to him and to the reader.

—Margaret L. Doorly.

The Golden Mirror

"Traditional beauty's new vitality" is Miss Zaturenska's phrase for a freshened insight into the English way of life (**The Golden Mirror,** Macmillan, 1944). The words at once recommend themselves as an approach to her own poetry. But the reader who persists to define and criticize, finds at last very little of the vital newness; without this, of course, the "beautifully" traditional drifts away into a fine high note, into effects of interior decoration (of an expensive antique-shop sort), into pictures of landscape gardening (such as are found on newly acquired almost-landed-gentry American suburban estates).

This is perhaps to be harsher than necessary on the poet. One really needn't begrudge her this world of "Wattau fetes," "fountained mirrors," "drowning roses," "seaweed on thinning hair," "nervous sweetness in a vulgar age," "the future in miniature." One looks kindly at mother's devotion to the baby-book and family album, even though one's self is there preserved in humiliating earlier poses. But I am annoyed by a phoney tone added to this poetry of the-lady-poet dedicated to her own wonderful suffering sensibility. With Emily Dickinson, say, one has the sense that the agonies of her garden-world were sincerely acted out, unpretentiously and in true privacy. But here there is always "a golden mirror" wherein one feels the poetess glancing constantly, self-conscious if the costumes are fitting right, if the period decors are all becomingly arranged around her.

Certainly the best poems, and they are good ones, are the ones on William Cowper and the madness of Rousseau: in treating insanity she eludes her own tame, pretty confines—in dramatic projection feeling comes unhampered by pose. She is next best when there is a strong flavor, as there frequently is, of Rilke and/or Auden. This gives a fair clue, I believe, to the source and scope of a talent like Miss Zaturenska. It is one that lives largely on other literature, on other and great writers. They **are** great because they were first something else before they were literary. I look in vain to find what real life, what "new vitality" precedes this poetry. But I find none.

—Sherman Conrad.

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(Continued from Page 4)

days when a first-rate Caxton novel was not an infrequent occurrence. Caxton's have been forced to curtail their publications of novels in recent years because of the difficulties of distribution.

Two RMR editors will have books out next year from E. P. Dutton & Co. Brewster Ghiselin's volume of verse will be entitled **Against The Circle.** Ray B. West Jr. will edit an anthology of Rocky Mountain writing to be called **Rocky Mountain Reader.** including such authors as Bernard DeVoto, Vardis Fisher, Wallace Stegner, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Maurine Whipple, Mildred Walker, Joseph K. Howard, Dale C. Morgan, Clyde Brion Davis, and others. Mr. West is now at the University of Iowa, where he teaches "Fiction Writing" and assists with the "Writers Workshop."

J. F. Powers has recently been honored by several anthologists who have reprinted his stories in books: notably in the Brickell and the Foley short story volumes. Mr. Powers is 26 years old and lives in Chicago.

Leo and Miriam Gurko teach at Hunter College, New York. Mrs. Gurko is a free lance writer as well as the mother of two children, and Mr. Gurko is at work on a critical interpretation of American literature from 1929 to Pearl Harbor.

Christie Lund Coles was born in Salina, Utah, thirty-some years ago and has been writing for about as long as she can remember, and has published poetry widely, though this is her first appearance as a writer of 'serious' fiction. She lives in Salt Lake City.

Alan Swallow is the well-known poetry editor of the New Mexico Quarterly Review, and also edits American Writing, an annual. He is at present in the army stationed at Camp Grant, Ill.

Dale L. Morgan, a Utahn now studying in Washington, D. C., is the author of **The Humboldt,** one of the Rivers of America series, and formerly director of the Utah Writers Project. He is at work on a study of Mormon history and backgrounds.

Sgt. Robert Lowry sends his story from Italy, where he also recently published an extraordinary mimeographed pamphlet entitled **War.** Before entering the army he published the Little Man pamphlets. His story, Layover in El Paso, in a recent issue of RMR aroused much controversy.

George P. Elliott lives in Berkeley, Calif., and is a friend of Josephine Miles.

Barbara Stockton is working for an M.A. at the University of California, and this is her first appearance in print.

Oscar Williams is the well known poet and anthologist whose annual **New Poems** is one of our finest yearly poetry exhibitions. He lives in New York City.

Gilbert Neiman teaches at Boulder, Colorado, and has been published in most of the little magazines as well as many of the big. He is well known for his translations of Lorca.

Sherman Conrad is in the Dept. of English at the University of Iowa. He has published in **Poetry, The Nation,** and elsewhere.

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Edited by ALAN SWALLOW

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